A 5 f. 1102 (2)

THE

Caſtle of Andaluſia,

A

COMIC OPERA.

IN THREE ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED

At the THEATRES in LONDON
And DUBLIN.

By JOHN O'KEEFE, Eſqr.

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M,DCC,LXXXIII.

1607 19

Vet A5 e. 1659(3)

Bt. from Terry

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Don Scipio,		Mr. WILDER.
Don Juan,		Mr. MITCHELL.
Don Ferdinando,		Mr. PALMER.
Don Alphonzo,		Mrs. MELMOTH.
Phillipo,		Mr. JOHNSTON.
Ramirez,	Banditti,	Mr. BUTLER.
Sanguino,		Mr. FOTTERALL.
Spado,		Mr. O'RIELLY.
Calvette,		Mr. KANE.
Rapino,		Mr. LYNCH.
Pedrillo,		Mr. RYDER.
Vaſques,		Mr. WITHINGTON
Lopez,		Mr. MURPHY.

WOMEN.

Donna Iſabella,	Mrs. HEAPHY.
Lorenza,	Miſs. JARRETT.
Victoria,	Mrs. JOHNSON.
Catilina,	Mrs. HITCHCOCK.

Banditti, Attendants, &c.

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The Caſtle of Andaluſia.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Diſcovers a banditti ſitting at a table drinking in a large cave. Ramirez, *(their captain) at their head. At the further end of the cave a large lamp, ſuſpended by a chain; a winding ſtair-caſe, ſuppoſed leading to the trap door:* Rapino *near it withinſide;* Calvetti *without, as centinel; the table cover'd with Tygers ſkin; a parcel of carabines and fire-arms hung up.-------(All laughing.)*

AIR AND CHORUS.

Ramirez and Banditti.

CHORUS.

HERE we ſons of freedom dwell,
In our friendly rock-hewn cell,
Pleaſure's dictates we obey,
Nature points us out the way:
Ever great, and ever free,
Valour guards our liberty.

AIR.

Of ſevere and partial laws,
Venal judges, Alguazils,
Dreary dungeon's iron jaws,
Oar or gibbet, whips or wheels;

How can we think,
While we drink
Sweet Muſcadine?
O, life divine!

CHORUS.

Here we ſons of freedom, &c.

Ram. Come cavaliers, our confines are low, yet our hearts are high:----Charge your glaſſes---Bacchus gives the word; 'tis wine makes us mortals noble as the Gods.----Fire! *(they drink.*

Spado. Oh! this is noble firing indeed! I like a volley of grape ſhot; but pray will you let us have any ſky lights in this cave?

All.-------Oh! No, no, no!

Ram. Come, put about the toaſt:----a good booty to us to night.

Alph. A good booty to us to night.

Spad. Oh! I love to rob a fat prieſt!----ſtand! ſays I----prieſt! and then I knocks him down!

Sang. My noſe bleeds; I wonder what colour the blood of a coward is?

Spad. Why? don't you ſee?

Sang. Hah! do you call me a coward? I'll ſtab him; but the ſcar on my forehead contradicts that.

Spa. The ſcar on your forehead; when you run away you know, you always look behind you.

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Sang. I'll ſtab him ! *(Offers to draw.)*

Spad. Don't hurt little Spado ; I meant no harm.

Sang. Armies have confeſs'd my valour ; the time has been------but no matter.

Ram. Come, come away, with reflections ; hand us that red wine.

A I R.--------*Ramirez.*

Flow thou regal purple ſtream,
Tinted by the ſolar beam,
In my goblet, ſparkling riſe,
Chear my heart, and glad my eyes ;
My brain, aſcend on fancy's wing,
'Noint me, wine, a jovial king.

While I live, I'll lave my clay,
When I'm dead, and gone away
Let my thirſty ſubjects ſay———
A month he reign'd, but that was May.

(A loud clap of thunder.

All------Hark ! Hark !

Ram. How ſoon we hear the thunder thro' this vaſt body of earth and rock ;------Rapino------is all ſafe above ?

Rap. Yes.

Ram. Spado ? it's your turn to relieve the centinel.

Spad. Relieve him ! what's the matter with him ?

Ram. Come, ſir ! it's your watch.

Spa. My watch ! let the wolves watch.----I only wiſh to watch the bottle.

Ram. Come, come, no jeſting ; to your duty.

(Another loud clap of thunder)----

Spa. What the devil ! do you take me for a ſalamander ?

Ram. Don't you hear.

Spad. I've taken up with the firſt ſwine's hovel I could find, upon ſuch a night as this.

Ram. Oh! there will be no ſport I fear to night, cavaliers! therefore lock down the trap-doors.

Spa. This being a night of peace; we'll have a diſh of olives.

Sang. No, no! peace: we'll cut and ſcour the foreſt; there is a rich old fellow, call'd Don Scipio, lives at the ſkirts of it: what ſay you to plundering him to night?

Ram. Not to night! I have my reaſons; but where is our priſoner?

Spad. There he lies; with his face ſo innocent, and yet he took ſome deviliſh hard knocks.

Calvetto. (*From above with a lantern in his hand.*) A booty! a booty!

What is it?

Calv. One man; and alone.

Spa. One man, and alone! that's odd: will he fight?

Cal. He ſeems to be drawing near: his hat beſpeaks him noble.

Ram. Get my arms; our carabines, quick; and remove the table. (*They all riſe and remove the table.*) We will not all go to the attack of one man: leave Spado and me alone, the reſt prepare for a general excurſion.

(*They ſeparate and go different ways.*)

Spad. (*Looking over the rail of the ſtaircaſe.*) Our priſoner ſeems a good natur'd looking man; if my brother rooks will but fly off, I ſhall have the pigeon all to myſelf.

Enter Ramirez.

Ram. Spado.! Spado!

Spa. O Captain! you'd better not let me go firſt, becauſe I'm always ſo raſh.

Ram. Come on ſirrah: leave buffoonery, and to your duty. Hallo! Spado: come along you raſcal. *Exit.*

Spad. Well, I'm coming; *(goes partly up ſtairs and ſtops.)*

Enter Alphonzo.

Alph. I find myſelf very unhappy; to have fallen into the hands of theſe ruffians: while my rival Don Ferdinand, (I fear,) if he once reaches Don Scipio's caſtle, wins my charming Victoria, and I looſe her for ever! but if I could procure an interview, love ſhould plead my cauſe.

AIR.——*Alphonzo.*

The hardy ſailor braves the ocean,
Fearleſs of the roaring wind,
Yet his heart with ſoft emotion,
Throbs to leave his love behind.

To dread of foreign foes a ſtranger
Tho' the youth can dauntleſs roam,
Alarming fears paint every danger,
In a rival left at home.

Spado. *(Comes down ſtairs)* What is it I ſee? Our priſoner! *(aſide.)* Thou art a poor bird that ſings in this cage! (I'll have a little talk with him now they are out of hearing:) Ha, ha, ha! I know more of his affairs than he thinks of; I overheard a ſervant at an inn ſpeak of him.

Alph. How ſhall I eſcape theſe raſcals? *(Aſide.)* O here's one of the gentlemen I ſee! Pray ſir, may I take the liberty?

Spad. No, truly, you'll not take any liberty here, but upon certain conditions: come, ſuppoſe you be-

come one of us; I think you'll make a deviliſh good thief: nay, I don't flatter you; and by good luck, we have juſt got a vacancy; having lately loſt one of our troop, a fine bold youth, he now hangs upon a gibbet, and you ſhall take his poſt.

Alph. What! upon the gibbet?

Spad. No: ſoft and fair, that is a very high poſt indeed; though I don't doubt your merit. Your ingenuity, in time, may exalt you: give me your hand.

Alph. *(Aſide.)* Infamous ſcoundrel.

Spa. Sir! I've a mind to do you a favour, therefore will aſk you in the pious ſpirit of a holy inquiſitor.

Alph. That is a very pious abjuration.

Spa. In the devil's name, who are you?

Alph. Sir, my name is Alphonzo: I am ſon of an eminent banker at Madrid.

Spad. Oh, ho! I thought he ſung like a gold-finch, I'll convince him, I know all his affairs, and then---I'll hold his purſe.

Alph. *(Aſide.)* If I truſt him, perhaps I may eſcape by his means,---you wont betray me.

Spa. Oh, no, there is honour amongſt thieves.

Alph. I was going———

Spa. To Don Scipio's caſtle, upon the confines of this foreſt.

Alph. Then you know my buſineſs.

Spa. Yes, to Donna Victoria, who is contracted.

Alph. Then you know ſhe is contracted.

Spa. Yes, to Don Ferdinand; to the deſtruction of your hopes: ſhe now waits for nothing but his arrival.

Alph. While I am penn'd up in this curs'd cavern:---How got you my ſtory?

Spa. Oh, that is nothing at all; I could let you out of this cavern.

Alph. But will you?

Spa. Oh, that is another thing; our trap-door requires a golden key.

Alph. Your comrades have not left me one piaſtre.

Spa. Give me an order on your father's bank for 50 pieces, and I will ſecure your eſcape.

Alph. I will.

Enter Ramirez.

Spad. (*Seeing him, turns to* Alphonzo.)--- Oh! you impudent dog, I'll ſecure your eſcape; what the devil! do you offer me a bribe? would you corrupt my honeſty? do you think I will betray my truſt; what, corrupt my honeſty, that I inherit from my chaſte mother. Oh! captain, I did not ſee you, I did not know you was here.

Ram. What's the matter?

Spa. Oh! I can hardly ſpeak! he is a little miſtaken in your man.---Let you eſcape.

Alph. (*Aſide.*) Here is a raſcal---

Spad. This raſcal has been calling me names this half hour, only becauſe I wont let him out without your knowledge: Oh, what offers I have refuſed! I may ſafely ſwear my integrity is ſecure againſt galleons, or the mines of Peru or Mexico. What, offer to bribe me: I will cut your head off you dog; never let me catch you out.

Ram. Get you gone, and leave us.—— (*Exit Spado.*) You have no occaſion to tamper with my men, you ſhall owe your liberty to none but me. Your ſtory, told me by Spado, has engaged me to your intereſt, I will convey you to the cottage of the vines, which belongs to one Phillipo, a peaſant not far from Don Scipio's caſtle.--- There you may purſue your whole deſires, and do what-

ever love may inſpire to obtain your wiſhes.

Alph. A thouſand thanks to you, kind ſir; time moves on leaden pinions, till I again behold my charming Victoria.

AIR.——*Alphonzo.*

Come ye hours with bliſs replete,
Bear me to Victoria's feet,
Cheerleſs winter muſt I prove
Abſent from the maid I love;
But the joys our meetings bring
Shew the glad return of ſpring.

(*Exeunt* Alphonzo and Ramirez.

SCENE II.——*A foreſt: all dark, hail and rain.*

Enter Don Ferdinando.

Ferd. What a dreadful horrid place is this--- Pedrillo? I've loſt my ſervant, I believe, ſince I left Cales; by the pace I have rode, I think Don Scipio's caſtle can't be far off: this was to have been my wedding night, Pedrillo.

Enter Pedrillo.

Ped. Here, Sir.

Ferd. Where are you?

Ped. Here Sir.

Ferd. Which way?

Ped. Any body's way; for I have loſt my own;--- do you ſee me, ſir?

Ferd. No.

(*A violent flaſh of lightning.*

Ped. Do you ſee me now, Sir?

Ferd. No, Sir. (*Thunders.*) How it thunders!

Ped. All this will frighten the poor mules, they will break their bridles, I have tied them to a tree; how ſhall we eſcape the banditti.

Ferd. Oh, we ſhall find them in the morning, *(A gun fir'd.)* Hark! I hear a gun; ſomebody is in trouble.

Ped. No, Sir, their trouble's over by this time.

Ferd. Who can deny aſſiſtance, to a fellow creature in diſtreſs?

(Draws, and Exit.

Ped. What fine creatures theſe gentlemen are, but for me, I am a poor raſcally ſervant; ſo I'll e'en take my chance with the mules.

AIR.——*Pedrillo.*

I.

A maſter I have, and I am his man,
Galloping dreary dun,
And he'll get a wife as faſt as he can,
With a haily
Gaily
Gambo raily,
Gigg'ling,
Nigg'ling
Galloping galloway, draggle tail, dreary dun.

II.

I ſaddled his ſteed ſo fine and ſo gay,
Galloping, dreary dun,
I mounted my mule, and we rode away,
With our haily, &c.

III.

We canter'd along, until it grew dark,
Galloping dreary dun;
The nightingale ſung inſtead of the lark,
With her haily, &c.

IV.

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,
Galloping dreary dun,
By the Lord, says the friar, you're both gone astray,
With your, &c.

V.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
Galloping, dreary dun,
We wander alone, like the babes in the wood,
With our haily, &c.

VI.

My master is fighting, and I'll take a peep,
Galloping dreary dun,
But now I think better, I'd better go sleep,
With my haily,
Gaily,
Gambo raily,
Gigg'ling
Nigg'ling,
Galloping galloway, draggle tail, dreary dun.

Enter Don Scipio, *fighting with banditti*, Spado follows, and gets up a tree.

Band. Down with him, down with him.
Spado. Oh! Don't fire!
(One of them fires.

Enter Ferdinando, *and drives off Banditti.*
(Exit. Leaving Don Scipio.

Scip. I have not fought so much these twenty years.
Spad. I think I cou'd see but one man come to the assistance of the old gentleman. *(Comes down.)* Where are you?

Scip. Here, approach my brave deliverer.

Spad. I ſhall------[*Aſide.*] Here is a victory, and nobody to claim it: I'll go and pick up the laurels.

Scip. Who is this ſtranger that is come to my aſſiſtance?

Spad. [*Aſide.*] I may paſs for this angel in the dark: they may be aſham'd to attack a man in the king's highway: I made the dogs ſcamper.

Scip. Who is this I hear?

Spa. Are you the honeſt old gentleman I reſcu'd from the Banditti?

Scip. I am ſo much beholden to you.---

Spa. Say nothing about it, I've ſav'd your life: a good action rewards itſelf.

Scip. Are you the gallant fellow? I faith, as well as I cou'd diſtinguiſh in the dark, you look'd much higher juſt now.

Spa. O that was whilſt I was fighting, I always appear ſix foot high, when I'm in a paſſion, beſides my hat and feather added to my height.

Scip. Why the raſcals have run off without my purſe.

Spad. Have I ſav'd your purſe? I think, of a poor fellow, I am the luckieſt dog in all Spain.

Scip. Poor fellow! Pray valiant ſtranger accept this purſe, as a ſmall token of my gratitude.

Spad. No, no, no! Sir.

Scip. You ſhall take it, you ſhall have it.

Spa. Lord! Sir, I am ſo aukward at taking a purſe. [*Receives purſe.*

Scip. If I cou'd but find my cane now.---

Spad. [*Aſide.*] Here is ſomebody elſe coming, perhaps this is the real conqueror. (*Exit.*

Enter Ferdinando.

Ferd. It was the darkneſs of the night that favour'd their eſcape.

Scip. Aye, you made them fly like pigeons; my little game-cock.

Ferd. Perhaps you was the old gentleman that was attack'd?

Scip. (*Looking at Audience.*) Pray feel if you don't find a ring; it was a relique of my deceas'd lady.

Ferd. What ring, Sir?

Scip. A ring that you'll find in the purſe.

Ferd. This old gentleman has been robb'd, and perhaps wiſhes me to reimburſe him.

Scip. Come, come along with me, my little hero: Why Zounds! Signior, you are not in a paſſion now ſure; for me thinks you look ſix foot high again;--come along with me to the caſtle, and our daughter Victoria ſhall welcome you.

Ferd. Your daughter Victoria! then perhaps, you are my intended father-in-law?

Scip. Is it poſſible! you can be my expected ſon-in-law, Don Ferdinando de Zelves!

Ferd. The ſame, Sir, and juſt now come from Cales; and upon my journey to the caſtle, was benighted upon this foreſt; and upon hearing ſome perſons were attack'd by the Banditti, went to their reſcue.

Scip. (*Aſide.*) It was damn'd mean tho' to take my purſe.

Enter Spado. *Liſtening.*

Spad. O then he is Don Alphonzo's rival, and they have never met before.

Scip. What! you was reſolv'd to touch ſome of

your wife's fortune beforehand; you have got the money, aye, and the ring too---it is not gone out of the family: come, come along, my brave valiant--- *(Aside.)* Damn'd paltry of him to take my purse.

Exeunt.

Spa. This purse has put a fine thing into my head---how to delay Ferdinando's wedding---aſſiſt my new maſter Alphonzo, and procure a handſome reward;---I ſhall have a good reception at the caſtle, by means of this ring.----I will raiſe a fine confuſion in Don Scipio's family; the clearing up of which, I will be well paid for.----I have loſt part of my time already; I muſt get away by a croſs road to the caſtle: there I will provide a whimſical reception for the ſon-in-law, *(Whiſtling heard.)* Hark! they are calling up to ſupper,-------I thank you kindly, gentlemen, I am very much oblig'd to you----but I happened to be engag'd.

(Exit.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Scipio's *Caſtle.*

Enter Victoria *and* Catilina.

Cat. Nay, dear madam, never ſubmit to go into a nunnery.

Vict. Yes, I muſt; the trouble I feel from my parents ſlights, invite me to forſake the tranſitory joys of a bad world.

Cat. Bad world! I'm ſure it's good enough for me: what, in the name of wonder, wou'd your religious folks have? it is well enough for me. Here are fine flower gardens, ſun beams and refreſhing gales to walk in, and there are good natur'd men, and kind men. What a thing it is for a fair and

lovely woman, to think of living among the nuns, who turn their backs to each other, and go ſtalking to their ſeparate cells, and never marry: La ma'am! to marry, is the whole intent of the creation.

Vict. You know nothing of what I feel.

Cat. Lord! ma'am, I wiſh I cou'd ſee you once in love.

Vict. You talk of love, Catalina: I wonder what ſort of a man this Ferdinando is, that is expected at the caſtle!

Cat. He is a fine man, I can aſſure you, he rejoices at the very name of Victoria: then here is your father, tho' you are the daughter and ſole heireſs of all this caſtle, obliges you to reſign it to Signora Lorenza, becauſe he has taken it into his head to marry her mother; and this Italian coquette is ſo be-dizen'd out in fine clothes and jewels, and you to be ſent to a convent! I wiſh I may die, if I was to be ſerv'd ſo----if I cou'd not put my beſt foot firſt, and go to Madrid, and tell the king of it.

Vict. Depriv'd by death of a tender mother, and the affections of my father alienated from me, has depriv'd me of every joy and hope:----I ſhall therefore quit the world without regret.

A I R.------*Victoria.*

Ah, ſolitude, take my diſtreſs,
For my griefs I'll unboſom to thee;
Each ſigh thou canſt gently repreſs,
And thy ſilence is muſic to me.

Yet peace from my ſonnet may ſpring,
For ſweet peace, let me fly the gay throng;
To ſoften my ſorrows I ſing,
Yet ſorrow's the theme of my ſong.

Exit.

Cat. My poor dear young lady! Oh; deuce take Dame Iſabel and her upſtart minx of a daughter------ſhe be my miſtreſs? no, that ſhe ſhan't: I'll quit the caſtle the moment Donna Victoria goes into a nunnery; ſhall I go with her? Oh, no;---- I was never deſign'd for a nun; I will go back to our village where my dear Phillipo is; I dare ſay, he is as fond as ever:---I'll warrant he has the hearts of all the girls:--- then he can flute and fiddle, and oboe, and all the reſt of the things.

AIR.-----*Catalina.*

Like my dear ſwain, no youth you'd ſee
So blithe, ſo gay, ſo full of glee,
In all our village,---who but he,
To toot it up ſo featly?
His lute to hear,
From far and near,
Each female came,
Both girl and dame,
And all his boon,
For every tune,
To kiſs 'em round ſo ſweetly.

While round him in the jocund ring,
We nimbly danc'd, he'd play or ſing;
Of May the youth was choſen King,
He caught our ears ſo neatly.
Such muſic rare
In his guittar,
But touch his lute,
The crowd was mute;
His only boon
For ev'ry tune,
To kiſs 'em round ſo ſweetly,

(*Exit.*

Enter Spado *and* Vaſquez.

Spad. Inform your Lady, that I am here.

Vaſq. Are you Don Ferdinand?

Spa. Tell her I'm here.

Vaſq. I will inform her of your arrival.

Spa. Then you will oblige me very much---She is ſupreme directreſs of this caſtle,---------(*Exit Vaſquez.*) And as I'm inform'd, rules the roaſt; ſhe is my mark----but the ſtory is up, if I tell her one word of truth: (*Sees her coming.*) This is the ſame widow Lady that ran away with an old maſter of mine to Italy: I can remember ſome anecdotes of her, that do more credit to my memory than her reputation, which I will take care to remind her of in due time---ſhe don't recollect my face, I hope.

Enter Iſabella *and* Vaſquez.

Iſa. Don Scipio not return'd yet, where can he ſtay? where is this ſtrange, ugly fellow, who wanted to ſpeak with me?

Vaſq. I did not ſay he was ugly.

Spa. Go along, young man!

(*Exit Vaſq.*

Iſa. Well, Sir, who are you?

Spa. I've the honour to be confidential ſecretary to Don Ferdinando.

Iſa. Is he arriv'd? Here, Vaſquez, Lopez, Diego.

Spa. Hold! Ma'am, my young maſter is not arriv'd: (moſt ſagacious of all women) (*Aſide.*) My young maſter is coming incog.

Iſa. Incog!

Spa. Yes, incog. You ſhall hear, Ma'am. (Now for a good lie.) The morning before his departure, he calls me into the cloſet, and locking the door---- Spado, ſays he,------you muſt know Ma'am, my name is Spado.

Iſa. Well, Sir.

Spa. Spado, ſays he, you know this obſtinate father of mine has engag'd me to marry a lady I have never ſeen. To-morrow I ſet off for her caſtle, but (ſtriking his breaſt with one hand ſo----twiſting his muſtaches, and turning up his eyes!) if when I ſee her, ſhe don't pleaſe my fancy, I will not marry her by------I don't care to mention his oath before you, Madam.

Iſab. O no! pray don't.

Spa. Says he, I mean to dreſs up Pedrillo----he ſhall perſonate me in Don Scipio's Caſtle:---If I like the lady I throw off the livery, and Pedrillo waits upon her.-----If I do not like her, the deceit continues, and Pedrillo has the lady.----I will learn them to clap up marriages without conſulting me.

Iſab. So it was to have been my poor daughter, that was to have fallen into this ſnare.

Spa. Says he, I mean to employ you as my ſpy, to cover the ſecret; let it be done by impoſing ſome damn'd lie or other, (which your genius may ſuggeſt) upon a very ignorant ordinary woman, that you'll ſee there----nam'd Donna Iſabella.

Iſab. Impoſe upon the ſtupid woman, that you'll find there----but he ſhall not find me ſo ſtupid.

Spa. Does he think you'd not find me out if I was to tell you a lie?

Iſab. Aye! that I ſhou'd.

Enter Vaſquez.

Vaſ. My maſter is arriv'd, and one Don Ferdinando with him.

Spa. You muſt know, ma'am, Pedrillo's mother was a Gipſey woman, his father a merry-andrew to a mountebank, and himſelf five years a trumpeter to a company of ſtrolling players.

Iſab. So I was only to have a trumpeter for my ſon-in-law!----Good Sir! how much I'm beholden to you for this timely notice.

Spa. I have only done the duty of an honeſt man;----I have liv'd a good while in the family, and cou'd not bear my young maſter ſhould be running about making ſuch a fool of himſelf, eſpecially under ſuch circumſtances.

Iſab. Pray, Sir, be at home; want for nothing the houſe affords.

Spa. Want for nothing----

Iſab. By no means.

Spa. (*Aſide.*) Then I will want for nothing I can lay my fingers on. [*Exit.*

Iſab. Heaven's! what an honeſt fellow this is! what a lucky diſcovery.------Oh! here comes my darling Lorenza.

Enter Lorenza.

Lor. Oh mother, don't you think I look charmingly to-day?

Iſab. Yes, child; the toilette has done it.

Lor. Oh! ſignora----the delicious hopes of an expected lover.----

AIR.------*Lorenza.*

New graces
The thoughts of a lover
Invited, expected, and ſigh'd for occaſion,
Sweet faces
Freſh ſweetneſs diſcover;
Our eyes then are diamonds; our cheeks are carnation,
Thoſe eyes glances ſtealing,
Fond bluſhes revealing,
Sage prudence concealing
The wiſh of our hearts.
But when once we gain him,
In love's link we chain him,
Now pleaſing,
Now teazing,

In giddy flirtation.

Da. Ca. New graces, &c.

Iſab. I am very glad to ſee you in ſuch ſpirits.

Lor. Oh ſpirits! I am as ſprightly and chearful as a lap-wing, when I expect a lover;---but when does Don Ferdinando come?

Iſab. You forget you are to paſs for Donna Victoria, Don Scipio's daughter, it was for that purpoſe I had you brought here.

Lor. I don't think about a huſband----but a new lover.

Iſab. It is fit you ſhou'd, of Don Ferdinando, who is coming.

Enter Vaſquez.

Vaſ. Madam----here is my maſter, and Don Ferdinando.

Iſab. Has he a ſervant with him?

Vaſ. No, madam. *Exit.*

Enter Don Scipio *and* Ferdinando.

Scip. Oh! my dainty dame, and delicate daughter! you may bleſs your ſtars that you ſee me alive again! behold my ſon-in-law and the preſerver of my life, Don Ferdinando! that is your ſpouſe, and this is Donna Iſabella;---- a lady of vaſt merit, of which my heart is ſenſible.

Iſab. What an impudent fellow--------

Scip. Don Ferdinando----you are welcome to this Caſtle----as flattery to a lady:----There ſhe is, embrace and careſs her.

Lor. What a charming huſband I ſhall have!

Scip. Come, enjoy yourſelf and be happy, while I take poſſeſſion of this noble tenement.------Hark!

you dame!----don't you think Don Ferdinando a fine noble fellow?

Iſab. Yes----he is well enough for a trumpeter.

Scip. A trumpeter!----what the devil do you mean by that?----Oh! that is becauſe I found his praiſe.----But, madam, he is a cavalier of noble birth, title, fortune and valour.

Iſab. A word with you. *(They retire.*

Lor. Our caſtle here is but a horrid place: when compar'd with the beautiful villas on the banks of the Arno.

Ferd. Arno! Don Scipio in his letter ſaid, his daughter was bred at Florence.

Lor. I am afraid you had an indifferent journey, Signior.

Ferd. I am amply repaid by what I now enjoy.

Lor. He is a polite cavalier.

(They ſit down.

Don Scipio *and* Iſabel, *come forward.*

Scip. A villain! Oh! a raſcal! look at that impudent ſon of a gipſey, he ſits down already.

Iſab. Don Ferdinando is under a livery.

Scip. A livery! This accounts for his behaviour in the foreſt. Don Ferdinando wou'd never have accepted of my purſe. *(Pulls him by the arm.)* Aye, you have got it.

Ferd. Will you pleaſe to ſit down, Sir. *(Aſide.)* What a ſtrange old fellow----

Scip. He looks like a trumpeter.

Enter Vaſquez.

Vaſq. Sir, your ſervant Pedrillo is arrived.

Ferd. What, has he found his way at laſt?

Lor. What a charming fellow----

Scip. What an impudent raſcal.----

Enter Pedrillo, *with his maſter's portmanteau.*

Ped. Is my maſter this way?

Scip. This is Don Ferdinando.

Iſab. Will you pleaſe to ſit, Sir?

(*Ferdinando goes to the other end of the ſtage.*

Scip. (*To Pedrillo.*) Be pleas'd to ſit down, Sir.

(*Placing him near Lorenza.*

Ped. I've got among the gentlefolks.

Iſab. How admirable he looks now in the ſervant!

Scip. I perceive the grandee under the livery.

Iſab. (*Curtſies to him.*) Will you pleaſe to ſit down, Sir?

Don Scip. Bows to Pedrillo: he bows with portmanteau on his ſhoulder; and hits Scipio on the head. (*Then puts it down.*

Scip. Will you ſit down, Sir?

(*Pedrillo ſits down by Lorenza.*

Ped. Theſe muſt be the upper ſervants of the family: her ladyſhip----there is the houſe-keeper---and I ſuppoſe this young tawdry tit, is the lady's maid:------her miſtreſs throws off good clothes, and the old gentleman there, is Don Scipio's butler.

(*Ferdinando comes forward.*

Ferd. What means all this diſreſpect?

Ped. Sir, Old Whiſkers, the butler, aſked me to ſit down by Furbelow, the waiting woman.

Ferd. Retire!

Scip. How rarely they act their parts? tho' I will let them know, I underſtand the plot of their Comedy.

QUINTETTO.

Don Scipio, Ferdinando, Pedrillo, Iſabel and Lorenza.

Scip. Signor!
D. Iſab. Signor!
Scip. } Your wit muſt be keener
D. Iſab. } Our prudence to elude,
Your fine plot,
Though ſo pat,
Will do you little good.
Ped. My fine plot!
I am a ſot,
If I know what
Theſe gentlefolks are at.
Ferd. Paſt the perils of the night,
Tempeſts, darkneſs, rude alarms,
Phœbus riſes clear and bright,
In the luſtre of your charms.
Loren. Oh, charming, I declare,
So polite a cavalier!
He underſtands the duty,
And homage due to beauty.
Scip. Bravo! O, Braviſſimo!
Loren. Caro! O, Cariſſimo!
How ſweet his honey words,
How noble is his mien!
Scip. Fine feathers make fine birds,
D. Iſa. The footman's to be ſeen.
Scip. But both deſerve a baſting!
Ped. Since morning I've been faſting
Scip. Yet, I could laugh for anger,
Ped. Oh, I could cry,
Scip. I could laugh,
Ped. I could cry,
Ferd. I could quaff,
Ped. So could I.
Scip. Ha! ha! ha! I'm in a fit,
Ped. Oh, I could pick a little bit.
Scip. Ha! ha! ha! } *together.*
Ped. Oh, oh, oh, }
Loren. A very pleaſant party,
Ferd. A whimſical reception!
Scip. A whimſical deception!

Scip. } But maſter and man accept a welcome
D. Iſa. } hearty.
Ferd. } Accept our thanks ſincere for ſuch a
Ped. } welcome hearty.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE. *A room in* Don Scipio's *houſe, with a cloſet door in it.*

Enter Ramirez *and* Sanguino, from door.

Ram. THUS far we have got into the caſtle---- you ſeem well acquainted with it.

Sang. Yes, I was maſter of the horſe to Don Scipio, and I know all the turnings and windings, lobbies, and every ſecret lock, and if I meet him conveniently, I ſhall uſe this ſtiletto.

Ram. No, no; plunder is the word: huſh!---- is not that Spado I hear?

(*He is heard without.*

Sang. Yes.

Ram. Impoſſible!

(*They retire one of each ſide.*

Enter Scipio *and* Spado.

Scip. I have heard of ſuch places. You tell me you have ſeen the cave where this curs'd banditti lay.

Spad. Very true, Sir, after robbing me of 500 ducatoons, and blinding my eyes, they throw'd me over a mule's back, and carried me to their dunge-

on, where they live in all manner of debaucheries, from whence they ruſh out upon paſſengers; but I ſlipt the bandage from my eyes as I went along, and mark'd the path they took.

Scip. But my mock ſon-in-law Don Ferdinando and I, made them run like hares, and I gave him my purſe for his trouble.

Spad. Did he take it?

Scip. He did.

Spa. Oh! what a mean fellow! I never go unarm'd, I always take a blunderbuſs when I travel. O what a glorious thing it would be to deliver up this banditti into the hands of juſtice! I wou'd hang them like mad dogs:---- If you will get us a ſtrong guard and go with me, I will lead them to the very trap door of their cave.

Scip. Then you will have the thanks of the whole country.

Spad. I have no motive but the good of my country, tho' I expect they will order me a thouſand piſtoles for my trouble.

Sang. (*From one ſide.*) You have not long to live!

Spad. Pray, Sir, have an eye to their captain---as they call him; he is one of the moſt infernal, malignant, infamous villains that ever-------(*Sees Ramirez.*)---The Captain did I ſay? no!-----I found him a very honeſt good-natur'd kind of fellow: No, no! I meant the ſcoundrel that thinks he ought to be captain:---Sanguino they call him, whom I found a moſt wicked infernal raſcal:------(*Sees Sanguino.*) Tho' I found him a very honeſt good-natur'd fellow.

Scip. A bloody, malignant, infernal, good natur'd kind of fellow! What the devil is all this?

Spad. Why, Sir, I thought I ſaw thoſe two gentlemen, and I thought they look'd ſo terrible, that with the fright---- I awoke.

Scip. Awoke! What the devil was all this a dream you've been telling me?

Spad. Yes, Sir, and a moſt terrible dream as ever I had in my life; I'm frighten'd out of my wits now!

Scip. Why you do look frighten'd indeed!

Spad. That made me talk about this cave, but don't mention it again I beg of you.

Enter Vaſquez.

Vaſ. Sir, the ladies wou'd be glad to ſpeak with you.

Scip. I'll wait upon them directly.

(*Exeunt Scip. and Vaſ.*

(*Spado in going to follow, is ſeiz'd by Ram. and Sanguino.*)

Spad. Lord maſter! only think of your finding me out here!

Ram. Yes, yes, you are found out here.

Spad. Oh my good Sirs! ſuch diſcoveries as I have made in this houſe!

Sang. Aye, and you wou'd have made diſcoveries in our cave!

Spa. Did not I hum the old fellow rarely?

Sang. As a reward for your treachery----this to your heart.----- (*Offers to ſtab him.*

Ram. Hold! hold!

Spad. Lord! what's the matter; I can't paſs a jeſt upon a ſilly old man, but I muſt be run thro' with a ſtiletto, when about the buſineſs.

Ram. Come, come, Spado, what is this buſineſs, tell us?

Spad. I intended to let every ſoul of you into the caſtle while the family were in bed----plunder is the

word----Do, Sanguino, only juſt peep into this cloſet with me. (*Takes him into cloſet and returns.*) There is ſix cheſts of maſſy gold. I have a maſter key will open every one of them------ſhall I go------fetch it.

Ram. Aye, go.

Spa. My two good maſters, two good-natur'd ſouls. (*Aſide.*) Two damn'd raſcals.

(*Exit.*

Sang. Plunder, indeed!

Ram. There is ſomething heavy in that cheſt.

Sang. We'll get them off this night.

Ram. I wiſh no more delay.

(*They retire.*

Enter Scipio.

Scip. Well Spado, now do you take----where is my little dreamer? now why do they leave this cloſet door open; it contains many valuables? why will they leave it open?

(*Exit after ſhutting door.*

Enter Spado, *with* Pedrillo's *portmanteau.*

Spa. O Lord! I can't find the key; but however I've ſtole Don Ferdinando's portmanteau, only juſt as a peace-offering for theſe two raſcals. Lord! what a pity the coming in of theſe rogues! Lord! I ſhould have had the caſtle all to myſelf; what a fine ſpot of work this would have been for a man of my induſtry! There are the cheſts, gentlemen; there you may convey them out to-night. As for cutting Don Scipio's throat----

Enter Scipio.

Scip. Aye, cut my throat! what, are you in your dreams again?

Spa. O yes, Sir.

Scip. Well for a little fellow, you have the damn'dſt dreams I ever heard of.

Spa. Terrible they are indeed.

Scip. Come, let me have no more of your curs'd dreams.

Spad. (*Aſide.*) I've got off, thanks to his coming.

Scip. Whoſe pormanteau is this?

Spa. (*Aſide.*) Oh, I'm on again.

Scip. What! is it Ferdinando's?

Spa. It is my maſter's.

Scip. Who cou'd have brought it here?

Spa. My fellow ſervant, Pedrillo, is too grand to mind his buſineſs; and my maſter, tho' he has taken the habit, ſcorns to do the office of a ſervant ----I will take care of it.

Scip. Do.---I now ſee what a comical fellow this maſter of yours is, with his plots and contrivances--- and to think of impoſing upon me too, I think I am far from a fool.

Spa. Yes, Sir; but that's more than I am.

Scip. That is true, indeed; but your dreams hurt your brain. So your maſter ſent you here to ſee what you cou'd pick up.

Spa. That is very true, indeed Sir, juſt to ſee what I cou'd pick up.

Scip. What an honeſt ſervant this is---he has an eye to every thing. (*Exit.*

Spa. Egad, I'm almoſt tir'd of being a rogue, and I will turn honeſt----But, before I do that, I muſt get what I can in this houſe to keep me ſo.

A I R.-----*Spado.*

In the foreſt here hard by
A bold robber late was I,
Sword and blunderbuſs in hand
When I bid a trav'ller ſtand,
Zounds, deliver up your caſh,
Or ſtraight I'll pop and ſlaſh,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green-o.
Damme, Sir,
If you ſtir,
Sluice your veins,
Blow your brains,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green-o.
Soon I'll quit the roving trade,
When a gentleman I'm made;
Then ſo ſpruce and debonnaire,
Gad I'll court a lady fair;
How I'll prattle, tattle, chat,
How I'll kiſs her and all that,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green-o.
How d'ye do?
How are you?
Why ſo coy?
Let us toy,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green-o.

But ere old, and grey my pate,
I'll ſcrape up a ſnug eſtate,
With my nimbleneſs of thumbs
I'll ſoon butter all my crumbs;
When I'm juſtice of the peace,
Then I'll maſter many a leaſe,

All amongſt the leaves ſo green-o.
Wig profound,
Belly round,
Sit at eaſe,
Snatch the fees.
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green-o.

Enter Ferdinando.

Ferd. How came my father to think of an alliance in this mad family; Don Scipio's brain is certainly turn'd; my father's ideas don't ſuit mine. That lovely novice, of fooliſh dame Iſabel's, has caught my heart.----What, if I aſk her about it? But ſhe and Don Scipio carry themſelves very ſtrangely to me.---I cannot think what is become of my fellow Pedrillo, all this while.

Enter Pedrillo, *dreſs'd in a white ſatin, embroider'd, morning gown and a cap, with gold taſſel.*

Ped. Ha, ha, ha! a ſtrange reception I've met with in this family; they talk of my marrying the daughter; I ſhou'd like her very well--but before I take off this dreſs, I will attack one of the maids; I will hide my livery, and be quite the gallant.

Ferd. Here is a gentleman I've never ſeen before. Ha, Pedrillo! where have you been? what's the matter with you?

Ped. The matter, Sir! I cannot tell what is the matter; but ſome how or other, I happen'd to ſit down to ſupper of twelve covers, crack'd two bot-

tles, laid in an embroider'd bed, and ſunk ſo low, that I ſlept till this morning like a diamond in cotton; ſo indeed, Sir, I don't know what is the matter.

Ferd. What can all this mean?

Ped. Don Scipio has found out my merit, that's all----and let me tell you----he is not the only one, for when I liv'd in my laſt place, I once made free with a ſuit of my maſter's beſt clothes---went to the Prado, and ſtrutted about like a grandee; where an elderly lady of family and fortune fell in love with me; I wrote a ſong upon the ſubject, and if you'll give me leave, Sir, I'll ſing it to you.

A I R.------*Pedrillo.*

The Prado I reſorted,
That brilliant place,
That brilliant place,
This comely perſon ſported,
All dreſt in lace,
All dreſt in lace
'Twas all about reported,
And no diſgrace,
And no diſgrace,
The ancient maid I courted,
Like this pretty face,
This pretty face.

When firſt my perſon bleſt her,
Sir, what d' ye want,
Sir, what d' ye want,
And when I'd have careſt her,
Indeed you ſha'n't,
Indeed you ſha'n't.
So cunning I addreſt her,
With ſigh and pant,
With ſigh and pant,

That ſoon I kiſs'd and preſt her,
I'm ſo gallant,
I'm ſo gallant,
My fair in wit ſo arch is,
I'm her dawdle,
I'm her dawdle,
My very ſoul ſhe ſearches,
Shakes her noddle,
Shakes her noddle.
My heart with love ſhe parches,
My blood does coddle,
My blood does coddle,
And like a duck ſhe marches,
Widdle Waddle,
Widdle Waddle.

Ferd. Then be ſo obliging in your gown and ſlippers, to take off my boots.

(Stoops to take off boots.

Enter Vaſquez.

Vaſ. Sir, the ladies wait breakfaſt for you.

Ferd. My reſpects to the ladies, and I will attend them.

Vaſ. Sir, I mean his honour there----

(Points to Pedrillo.

Ped. Yes, you mean my honour?

Ferd. I cou'd drink a diſh of chocolate as well as his honour there.

Vaſ. Chocolate! Ha, ha, ha!

Ped. Ha, ha, ha!

Ferd. *(Draws his ſword, and beats Pedrillo.)* I'll teach you to laugh at me.

Ped. Teach me to laugh! you may be a good maſter, but you have a damn'd bad method. *(Aſide.)* Hey for chocolate and the ladies!

(Exeunt Ped. and Vaſ.

Ferd. Don Scipio ſhall account to me for this;

to bear his contempt and be liable to the inſults of his ſervants, as I don't like his daughter, I have a fair pretence for quitting the caſtle; but then to leave the miſtreſs of my ſoul! ſuppoſe I make her a tender of my heart------ that will not do---ſhe knows my hand is promis'd to another. O my Lorenza!

A I R.------*Ferdinando.*

Dame Nature in forming a creature ſo fair
Each beauty ſelected, then cull'd the moſt rare;
Two bright conſtellations ſhe caught for her eyes,
A ſtation ſo bleſt, can they wiſh for their ſkies?
The gale lends its ſweets, as from Paphos it blows,
The ſnow-drop its whiteneſs, its bluſhes the roſe,
Bright Venus, her hair, as from ocean ſhe ſprung,
Sage Pallas, the accents that fell from her tongue;
Tho' Nature, in forming this creature ſo fair,
Each beauty ſelected, and cull'd the moſt rare;
Yet Fortune, her ſtep-dame, ſevere and unkind,
Is unjuſt to her worth, to her beauty is blind.

Enter Catilina, *croſſing the ſtage.*

Ferd. I ſee a young girl-----there can be no harm in ſpeaking to her-----how do you do my pretty creature?

Cat. Lord! maſter, how do you do? I don't know your name.

Ferd. You know who I am tho', and what my buſineſs is.

Cat. Lord! man! you go about to ſift a body---yes, yes, we all know in the houſe who you are; why Don Ferdinando's footman.

Ferd. So the ladies think I'm only Don Ferdinando's footman, all the while.

Cat. We all know that: Ha, ha, ha! notwithſtanding your fine clothes.

Ferd. And pray, madam, where is my maſter?

Cat. Why, parading in the gallery yonder, in his ſham livery and morning gown.

Ferd. *(Aſide.)* This accounts for the embroider'd bed----I'll carry it on.

Cat. Tho' if all the impoſtors in the caſtle were as well known, we ſhould have no wedding to-morrow night.

Ferd. You ſeem to be in the ſecret.

Cat. Aye, there is a piece of deceit much worſe than you are carrying on.

Ferd. I know that.

Cat. What do you know----that this Italian lady is not Don Scipio's daughter, but Dame Iſabel's.

Ferd. Yes. *(Aſide.)* Here is a diſcovery!

Cat. You know that.

Ferd. Yes, yes; and you know the lady I was ſpeaking to juſt now, is really Donna Victoria.

Cat. Yes, yes.

Ferd. Here is a piece of villainy: my dear let me kiſs you. *(Kiſſes her.*

Cat. Oh Lord! I never ſaw ſuch a man. (He's a delightful man tho'.) Lord! what a diſcovery---if you did not know it before? marry hang your aſſurance----I muſt go, I cannot play the lady as you do the gentleman: I have ſomething elſe to do than to ſtand----kiſſing with you here all day.

A I R.------*Catilina.*

I have a lover of my own,
So kind and true is he;
As true, I love but him alone,
And he loves none but me.

I boaſt not of his velvet down,
Or cheeks of roſy hue,
His ſpicy breath, his ringlets brown,
I prize the heart that's true.

So to all elſe I muſt ſay nay;
They only fret and teaze;
Dear youth, 'tis you alone---that may
Come, court me, when you pleaſe.

I play'd my love a thouſand tricks,
In ſeeming coy and ſhy;———
'Twas only, ere my heart I'd fix,
I thought his love to try.

So to all elſe I muſt ſay nay;
They only fret and teaze:
Dear youth, 'tis you alone, that may
Come, court me, when you pleaſe.

Ferd. Why, what a villain is this Don Scipio? ungrateful---but I ſcorn to think of the ſervices I render'd him laſt night in the foreſt: the faithleſs friend of my father!---the unnatural parent of his own amiable daughter! But here my charmer comes.

(Exit.

Enter Victoria.

Vict. Catilina muſt be miſtaken; it is impoſſible he can be the ſervant with ſuch a deportment; his native elegance of manners can never be aſſum'd.---Yonder he walks---and my flattering heart tells me, this is really the amiable Don Ferdinando, whom I muſt reſign to Iſabella's daughter.

Enter Don Ferdinando---*as ſhe is going.*

Ferd. Stay, and let me look upon that lovely excellence I can never obtain, Donna Victoria!

Vict. Did you call me then? or did you mean to ſpeak with Victoria?

Ferd. I cou'd gaze for ever and wonder at your charms---thus transfix'd with aſtoniſhment and delight! Believe me, it is not the knowledge of your quality that attracts my admiration---I know you to be Don Scipio's daughter, the innocent victim of injuſtice and oppreſſion, and therefore acknowledge to you, and you alone, (whatever you may have heard to the contrary) that I am really Ferdinando De Zelves.

Vict. How you came acquainted with my ſtory I know not----but I've perceiv'd ſomething, which told me, by your behaviour, you was Don Ferdinando.

Ferd. Permit me to relate the ſentiments of my heart.---I came here to ratify the contract with Don Scipio's daughter;---you are the beautiful Victoria deſtin'd to me!---Here take my hand---my heart is yours already! And thus upon my knee, let me make another tender of my heart!

Vict. Pray riſe, Sign'or, my father cannot juſtify his conduct towards me---but, if I do any thing without his conſent, it will be a breach of filial duty.

AIR:---*Victoria.*

By woes thus ſurrounded, how vain the gay ſmile
Of the little blind Archer, theſe woes to beguile!
Tho' ſkilful, he miſſes, his aim it is croſt,
His quiver exhauſted, his arrows are loſt
Your love, tho' ſincere, on the object you loſe,
(*Aſide*) How ſweet is the paſſion! Ah! muſt I refuſe?

If filial affection, that paſſion ſhould ſway,
Then Love's gentle dictates I cannot obey.

Ferd. Can you wiſh me to eſpouſe dame Iſabel's daughter?-----Say, you do not.---Do but ſatisfy me, my ſoul.

Vict. Before I ſay that, are you Don Ferdinando? if you are, you are already contracted to Don Scipio's daughter!

Ferd. Yes, I am, *(Aſide)* [I don't much regret I've loſt the title in the family] a thouſand thanks to you.---Yes, my dear Victoria, I am Don Ferdinando, and if fortune favours my deſigns, you again ſhall triumph over the malice of your enemies.

Vict. If we are ſeen together by Donna Iſabella, ſhe will be intereſted in whatever you may propoſe to my advantage.

Ferd. My life! my love!

DUET.----*Ferdinando and Victoria.*

Idalian Queen, to thee we pray,
Record each tender vow;
As night gives place to chearful day,
Let hopes of future bliſs allay
The pangs we ſuffer now.

(Exit Vict.

Ferd. So the whole family, except Victoria, have an idea I am the ſervant. Since they will have impoſtors, they ſhall have me for one. Let them beſtow their mock Ferdinand on Lorenza. I ſhare a juſt revenge for their perfidy, and ſhall have the reward and ſum of all my wiſhes, in the poſſeſſion of the true Victoria.------Oh, here comes Don Scipio!---Now let me begin---Oh, I'm tir'd of playing the gentleman---I long to get into my livery---my maſter will never wear theſe again---I am ſure Don Scipio ſuſpects who I am.

Enter Don Scipio.

Scip. I know you are!

Ferd. My dear friend, Don Scipio.

Scip. Friend! why you impudent dog I'll break your head; you are blown here without the uſe of your trumpet.

Ferd. Lord, your honour, how came you to know I am Pedrillo?

Scip. Why, your fellow ſervant----*(Aſide.)* [Zounds, no! I muſt not betray my little dreamer neither.] No matter who told me---but here comes your maſter.

Ferd. (Aſide.) Oh! he'll ſpoil all---I wiſh I had given him his cue; as ſure as you ſtand here, he will ſtill perſiſt in denying he is Ferdinando.

Enter Pedrillo.

Ped. Maſter, ſhall I ſhave you this morning?

Scip. Shave you this morning! come, come, it is time to have done with your tricks and fancies.

Ferd. Pedrillo.

Ped. Yes, Sir.

Ferd. You are found out.

Ped. Yes.

Ferd. You may as well confeſs.

Ped. What the devil ſhall I confeſs?

Scip. I tell you what, young gentleman, I will write an account of your pranks to your father, and he ſhall trim your jacket for you.

Ped. Nay, for the matter of that, my father cou'd trim your jacket for you.

Scip. Trim my jacket!

Ped. Why my father's the beſt taylor in all Cordova.

Scip. Your father the beſt taylor in all Cordova!

Ferd. Sir, will you give me leave to ſpeak to him?

Scip. Aye.

Ferd. *(Aſide.)* Tell Don Scipio you are my maſter.

Ped. I will.---Don Scipio, you are my maſter.

Ferd. O the ſtupid dog! Say that you are Ferdinando, and I am Pedrillo.

Ped. I will Sir, I will----Sir, you are Ferdinando, and I am Pedrillo.

Ferd. I told you he wou'd perſiſt in it.

Scip. I ſee it---I ſee it---I ſee it.---But I tell you what, Don Ferdinando, now do be clever---hold up your head.

(Puts his hand under Pedrillo's chin.

Ferd. *(Aſide.)* Can you expect to make ſuch an alteration?

(Lorenza *is heard ſinging without.*

Scip. Here comes my daughter---I think the mock Ferdinando's acting is better than the real one.

Enter Lorenza.

Ferd. Oh, that I was but in livery! this is well enough---but my maſter gives new liveries upon his marriage;---then every body is new cloath'd?

Scip. He is right---ſee, there he ſtands! like a young taylor of Cordova.---Here, this is Don Ferdinando.

(Introducing Pedrillo.

Ped. Pedrillo, at your ſervice, madam.

Ferd. Here, Pedrillo, take this purſe,---and tell Don Scipio you are Ferdinando.

Ped. Aye,----now I underſtand you---true Sir, *(To Don Scipio.)* I am whatever he ſays.

Scip. Give me your hand---that is right and ſenſible---like yourſelf, juſt as it ſhould be.---Now

I'll go and ſee about our buſineſs; we'll have all our love affairs finiſh'd to night.

(*Exeunt Ferd. and Scip.*

Lor. So then you are to be my huſband! will you love me then?

Ped. Will I love you?

Lor. If not---I can be as cold as you are indifferent.

AIR.-----*Lorenza.*

Love! gay illuſion,
Pleaſing deluſion,
With ſweet intruſion
Poſſeſſes the mind;
Heart, with heart meeting,
Paſſion is fleeting,
Vows in repeating
We truſt to the wind.
Faith, to faith plighted,
Love may be blighted,
Hearts often ſlighted
Will ceaſe to be kind.

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *A view of a Caſtle. A Moon Light Night.*

Enter Alphonzo.

Alph. If I had but the liberty to walk with the object of my heart! my Victoria! her marriage with Ferdinando is determin'd: but if poſſible, I will prevent it yet---the youth of the cottage here ſhall bear him a challenge.

Enter Phillipo.

Are you at leiſure, Phillipo, to take this billet to the caſtle to Don Ferdinando?

Phil. Is your buſineſs with Don Ferdinando very preſſing?

Alph. Very preſſing! expremely ſo.---*(Aſide.)* He muſt not know it's a challenge. It's a letter to invite Don Ferdinando and a few ſelect friends to an entertainment:----Pray do you know who Captain Ramirez is?

Phil No, I do not.

Alph. I find he is not acquainted with his real character---I will not betray him.

Phil. (Aſide.) I wiſh Donna Victoria once married; while ſhe remains ſingle---Catilina will never be mine.

A I R.------*Phillipo.*

Oh charming maid! ah, why ſo coy
Unto the youth who loves ſo well?
Thy gracious ſmile gives every joy,
Thy frown a pang no tongue can tell.
To thee the Matin-ſong I raiſe,
Ere gay blooming Flora
Has welcom'd Aurora,
At noon from Sol's refulgent blaze;
In cloſe-braided bowers,
On beds of ſweet flowers,
Reclining,
Adoring,
Yet pining,
Imploring;
Soft Ditty
Repeating,
Thy pity
Intreating,
Till the nightingale's lays
In Veſpers ſeraphic bid nature repoſe:
Her ſtrain on a lover no ſlumber beſtows,
Nor eaſe to his mind, nor relief to his woes.

Alph. I find Phillipo and I, have been com-

plaining lovers together. Phillipo, may I depend upon your delivery of this?

Phil. You may depend upon it---was but my Catilina-----kind!

Alph. Was my Victoria true!

DUET.------*Alphonzo* and *Phillipo.*

Alph. So faithful to my fair I'll prove,
Phil. So kind and conſtant to my love,
Alph. I'd never range,
Phil. I'd never change,
Both. Nor time, nor chance, my faith ſhould move.
Phil No ruby cluſters grace the vine,
Alph. Ye ſparkling ſtars forget to ſhine,
Phil. Sweet flowers to ſpring,
Alph. Gay birds to ſing,
Both. Thoſe hearts then part that love ſhall join.

(*Exeunt.*

End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in* Don Scipio's *Caſtle.*

Enter Don Scipio *and* Lopez.

Scip. HERE, Lopez, run to Father Benedict's, bid him wipe his chin, put on his ſpectacles, pull out his breviary, find out matrimony---and ſtay till I come; we'll have a brace of weddings to-night.

(*Exit Lopez.*

A I R.------*Scipio.*

Hey for a laſs and a bottle to cheer,
And a thumping bantling every year;
With ſkin as white as ſnow,
And hair as brown as a berry:
With eyes as a ſloe,
And lips as red as a cherry.
Sing rory, tory,
Dancing, prancing,
Laugh and lay down is the play.
We'll fondle together,
To keep out the weather,
And kiſs the cold winter away.
Laugh while you live,
For as life is a jeſt,
Who laughs the moſt,
Is ſure to live beſt.
When I was not ſo old,
I frolic'd among the miſſes;
And when they thought me too bold,
I ſtop'd their mouth with kiſſes.
Sing rory, tory, &c.

I wonder if Don Ferdinando is ready? Oh, here comes the ſervant in his proper habiliments! (*Enter* Ferdinando *in Livery.*) Aye, now my lad, you look ſomething like------

Ferd. I was quite ſick of that dreſs.

Scip. Where is your maſter----I long to ſee him in his proper clothes?

Ferd. (*Aſide.*) Paſſing ſo well in this diſguiſe gives me a very humble opinion of myſelf------you muſt know we are behind hand in our finery, in regard to a portmanteau of clothes.

Scip. O that is ſafe enough----Spado your fellow ſervant the little ſpy has got it.

Enter Spado.

Spad. What! is this really ſo?

Scip. He has got into his livery again.

Spad. *(Aſide.)* Is this the real maſter or no? Surely I've not been telling truth, and did not know it---I muſt brazen it out.-----What my old friend---I'm glad to ſee you, you look like yourſelf again.

Ferd. Thank you, my new old friend----here is an old friend I never ſaw in my life before.

Scip. Tell him where his portmanteau is, whilſt I go and lead Don Ferdinando in triumph to his bride. *(Exit.*

Ferd. Well, my good new old friend, where has your care beſtow'd my portmanteau?

Spad. Gone.

Ferd. Gone!

Spad. Quite gone.

Ferd. The man is not in his ſenſes-----where is the portmanteau?

Spad. Poor old man it's all over with him; he talk'd of ſpies and dreamers, and now he talks of portmanteaus; it's all over with him indeed.

Ferd. It muſt be ſo!

Spa. All grief! all grief! it runs in the family.

Ferd. He talk'd to me laſt night in a ſtrange incoherent manner; it ſeems as if this whimſical change between Pedrillo and me was the creation of his own brain-----How come it to run in the family? it is the firſt time I ever heard Don Scipio was diſorder'd in his ſenſes.

Spa. We all endeavour to keep it from your maſter, leſt he ſhou'd break off the match; I don't ſuppoſe he wou'd be willing to marry into a mad family.

Ferd. Pray what may you be?

Spa. I am Don Scipio's own gentleman theſe ten years,

Ferd. He accoſted me as your fellow-ſervant.

Spa. Lord, how you ſtare! I ſhou'd not have contradicted him if he had call'd me the Pope's

Nuncio. I don't wonder at Iſabella's taking advantage of his weakneſs; now he has got ſomething in his head about a ring, that every body he meets has got a ring of his deceas'd lady's.

Ferd. Aye, he aſk'd me about a ring.

Enter Don Scipio.

Scip. Hark, you Pedrillo! now your diſguiſes are over, return me the ring, will you?

Spa. There------I told you he wou'd.

Scip. Come, come, give me the ring, and I will give you a better thing; that ring belong'd to my deceas'd lady; give me the ring----here are five piſtoles, and the ring is not worth a dollar.

Spa. Egad that is more than I knew. *(Aſide.)* Here give him this ring, he'll not know any better.

Ferd. There, Sir. *(Gives Scipio ring and receives money.)*

Scip. O you mercenary raſcal! did not I tell you the ring was in the purſe I gave you laſt night?

Spa. Here, give me the caſh, for I muſt be accountable for all his pocket money.

(Exeunt Ferd. and Spado.

Enter Pedrillo, *richly dreſſed.*

Ped. Pedrillo. *(Enter Ferdinando.*

Ferd. Here, Sir.

Ped. Why how now, ſirrah? why do you ſit loitering here and leave me to dreſs myſelf?

Ferd. Sir, I was-------

Ped. What was you? why you raſcal you fancy yourſelf ſtill in your finery------you idle vagabond!

Scip. Bleſs me! Don Ferdinando is a very paſſionate man; aye, he takes after his father.

Ped. Well, Don Scipio, am not I a man for the ladies? I have ſtudied Ovid's Art of Love!

Scip. Aye, and Ovid's Metamorphoſes too.

Ped. *(Aſide.)* [What a ſneering figure my poor maſter cuts.] Egad! I'll pay him off for all his domineering over me, Pedrillo.

Ferd. Sir.

Ped. Here fill my box with Macataw.

Ferd. Yes, Sir.

Ped. Here Sir, perfume my handkerchief.

[*Pulls out a common check handkerchief and thruſts it into his pocket again---Looks confounded.*

Ped. Pedrillo, get me a tooth-pick.

Ferd. Yes, Sir.

Ped. Here Pedrillo.

Ferd. Sir.

Ped. Nothing----abſcond!

Ferd. If this is my picture, I bluſh for the original!

Ped. *(Aſide.)* Maſter, to be like you, do let me give you one kick---it won't hurt you upon my honour.

Ferd. I will bear no more.

Ped. Why, what are you at you ſcoundrel!---be gone!---------- [*Exit Ferdinando.*

(Aſide.) It was curs'd ill-natur'd not to let me give him one kick!

Scip. I like you vaſtly.

Ped. So you ought, Sir.

Scip. I like you very well----I do indeed.

Ped. Tol de rol. [Why, who won'd ſuſpect me to be the ſon of a taylor? half an hour ago, perhaps, they might!] Tol de rol, &c.

Scip. Very well, you are a great beau; and really now to ſpeak the truth, you have got a very princely perſon.

Ped. Why Sir, all the young girls, whenever I get up behind them, within-ſide the coach----all the ladies of diſtinction when they were making their beds----duſting----dreſſing themſelves at their toilette, run directly to the windows----peep thro' their fingers, (their fans I mean) and liſp out----oh! upon my life, their is not ſuch another gentleman in the world as this ſame Don Pedrillo!

Scip. Ferdinando you mean, he cannot forget Pedrillo:----come, it's time to forget it:----its time to have done with Pedrillo, and be my ſon-in-law!

Ped. I will be your ſon-in-law----you are ſure of that honour, Don Scipio----But pray, what fortune am I to have with your daughter? you are a grey-headed old fellow, and by the courſe of nature, you cannot live long.

Scip. I beg your pardon, I don't know any ſuch thing.

Ped. And when we put a ſtone upon your head ----------

Scip. A ſtone upon my head!

Ped. Yes, a ſtone----that is when you are laid low, I ſhall have your daughter to maintain----but I don't think much of that, I am ſo generous.

Scip. Yes, generous as a Dutch uſurer! *(Aſide.)* If Don Ferdinando turns out ſuch a coxcomb, I'm not ſorry my own daughter has eſcap'd him----a convent is better than a marriage with a monkey------- then as to her fortune----poor girl----but Dame Iſabel would have me on no other terms.

Ped. Let's have a plentiful good ſupper.

Scip. A good ſupper.

Ped. Yes.

Scip. Was there ever ſuch a genteel---- *(Aſide.)* Ignorant, conceit'd dog. *(Exit.*

Ped. I am a capital fellow----ſo my poor maſter ſets his wits to work after a poor girl that I am told

is going into a nunnery, and dreſſes me up to addreſs Donna Victoria--------To be ſure I am not a capital fellow----but I was made for a gentleman: gentleman! did I ſay? I am the neat pattern of a lord------I have a little honour about me---a great deal of love and a ſcrap of courage perhaps.----I wiſh I had a rival to try.-----I think I could fight at any weapon from a needle to a hatchet.---- I wou'd not give a pin for a ſweetheart without a rival.

Enter Phillipo.

Phil. Sir, are you Don Ferdinando de Zelva.

Ped. Yes, Sir.

Phil. Sir, I have a letter from Don Alphonzo.

Ped. I don't know of any Don Alphonzo, boy! what is the letter about?

Phil. I think, Sir, it is to invite you to a feaſt.

Ped. Oh! I recollect this old acquaintance.

Phil. Are you ſure you are Don Ferdinando?

Ped. What do you talk in that ſtile for? do you think I don't know myſelf, boy?----come give me the letter!

[*Reads.*) 'Signor, Signor! tho' you ſeem ready to fall to on a love feaſt, I hope a ſmall repaſt in the field may not ſpoil your ſtomach.' (*Aſide.*) Spoil my ſtomach! that's only a ſnack before ſupper. ---'I ſhall be at ſix o'clock in the evening'.--- why you dog it's paſt ſix now 'in a meadow near the cottage of the vines.' O Lord! I ſhall be too late. 'As you aſpire to Donna Victoria your ſword muſt be long enough to reach my heart!'

My ſword long enough! Oh, the devil of a feaſt! why this is a downright challenge!

Phil. I beg your pardon, Signor; if I had not met my ſweet-heart, Catilina, you would have had that letter two hours ago.

Ped. Oh you have given it time enough my brave boy.

Phil. You'll come?

Ped. Yes, I'll give it him, my boy.

Phil. Give it him!

Ped. O yes, I dare say he'll come.

Phil. Did not you say you was Ferdinando?

Ped. Never fear child, Don Ferdinando shall have it.

Phil. Why Sir, are you not Don Ferdinando?

Ped. Me! no not I, child; I am not Don Ferdinando, my boy; I wou'd have gone to the feast but you delay'd the letter so long I've quite lost my stomach; you have made a curs'd blunder---here my boy, Don Ferdinando shall attend you. *(Aside.)* He is still a master for the gentlemen---I am a man for the ladies. *(Exit Phillipo.*

A I R.------*Pedrillo.*

A soldier I am for a lady,
What beau was ere arm'd compleater!
When face to face,
Her chamber the place,
I'm able and willing to meet her.
Gad's curse my dear lasses, I'm ready
To give you all satisfaction;
I am the man
For the crack of your fan
Tho' I die at your feet in the action.
Your bobbins may beat up a row-dow-dow,
Your lap-dog may out with his bow-wow-wow,
The challenge in love,
I take up the glove,
Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

Enter Phillipo.

Phil. As I live, here is Don Alphonzo! I wish Don Ferdinando had got the letter sooner---I lost

my time with Catilina---ſhe was ſo cruel indeed, I dread to approach her, tho' it is my delight to ſee her.

A I R--------*Phillippo.*

My fair one, like the bluſhing roſe,
Can ſweets to every ſenſe diſcloſe,
Thoſe ſweets I'd gather, but her ſcorn
Then wounds me like the ſharpeſt thorn.

With ſighs, each grace and charm I ſee,
Thus doom'd to wither on the tree;
Till age ſhall chide the thoughtleſs maid,
When all thoſe blooming beauties fade.

(Exit.

Enter Ferdinando *and* Victoria.

Ferd. By order of Don Scipio, Father Benedict waits in the chapel: do let him join our hands, and then let Fortune do her worſt.

Vict. Why would you force me to ſo imprudent a ſtep---notwithſtanding my conſent you muſt have my father's--------

Ferd. Our union is authoriz'd by the conſent of both our fathers; and Dame Iſabella is fully convinc'd I am Pedrillo, otherwiſe ſhe would not give her aid. But to get you out of the way of her daughter, ſhe gives me her aſſiſtance, my Victoria.

Vict. The balm of conſolation is the ſweet reſult of conſcious uprightneſs.

A I R-----*Victoria.*

The muſk-roſe blooms in thorns and tears,
Yet queen of all the garden reigns;
While Phœbe in a cloud appears
Her virgin luſtre ſhe retains.

If foes, or cruel friends unkind,
A thought conſoles each deep diſtreſs,

That conſcious rectitude of mind,
In fortune's frown has power to bleſs.

For ſweets, the tulip proud and gay
Unto the humble violet yields,
And Philomel's ſequeſter'd lay
Tranſcends the chorus of the fields.

If foes, &c,

(Exeunt.

Enter Pedrillo.

Ped. Yes, my maſter is in for it: there they go, and certainly to be married. The enraged Alphonzo is certainly come here to demand ſatisfaction: my maſter and he were once friends; but jealouſy and a long ſword have cut their friendſhip in two. He little knows I am the rival.

Enter Lorenza.

Lor. Oh! here is my huſband: he looks well enough, now he is dreſt; but not ſo well as my diſcarded lover, Alphonzo.

Ped. *(Aſide.)* I will accoſt her with elegancy -------How do you do, Signora?

Lor. Very well at your ſervice. *(Aſide.)* He looks like Prince Radacaſti.

Ped. Signora, you are a clever little body. Will you ſit down, Signora.

(Sits down himſelf.

Lor. So polite too!

Ped. O, I admire politeneſs.

Lor. Full of good manners.

Ped. O, I forgot. *(Draws the other chair.* Sit down upon this chair. I aſſure you, I don't grudge the trouble, for the ſake of good manners.

Lor. This be no good manners at Florence.

Ped. Yes, I ſit upon my chair genteely, I find. I underſtand a little Italian now to court her: what ſhall I ſay? *(Aſide.)* I wiſh my maſter had gone through the whole of the buſineſs, to the very drawing of the curtains.--------Signora.

Lor. Signor, I love to be courted---begin, begin.

Ped. Oh Signora; (I believe I ought to kneel.) Oh you moſt beautiful goddeſs! you angelic angel!

For you my Fair, I'd be a roſe,
To blow beneath that comely noſe;
No more I'll ſay, you ſtop my breath,
My only life! you'll be my death.

Lor. There is ſomething in Don Ferdinando's manner extremely ſtrange, tho' rather extravagant ---now for ſome ſweet air.

Ped. If you will ſing me a ſong, I will ſtay and hear you.

Lor. With pleaſure, Sir.

A I R--------*Lorenza.*

Heart beating,
Repeating
Vows in palpitation,
Sweetly anſwer each fond hope;
Prithee leave me,
You'll deceive me,
After other beauties running,
Smiles ſo roguiſh, eyes ſo cunning,
Shew where points the inclination.
Heart beating,
Repeating

Vows in palpitation,
Sweetly anſwer each fond hope.

(*Exit.*

SCENE. *A View of a Cathedral.*

Enter Alphonzo.

Alph. Two lovers and both in diſtreſs!

AIR------*Alphonzo.*

Love! ſweet paſſion, torment-pleaſing,
Pure delight in pain you give.
Thrilling anguiſh, flattering, teaſing,
Ne'er from grief or rapture ceaſing,
Yet I'll love, or ceaſe to live.

Enter Don Ferdinando *and* Victoria.

Ferd. Give me joy, Alphonzo, Father Benedict! Benedict, has this moment made me the happieſt of mankind, in giving me Victoria!

Alph. Then it is certain all you told me of my Victoria is true.

Ferd. It is.

Alph. No matter, her very name is ſtill dear to Alphonzo.

Ferd. You ſhall be no loſer by this; we will endeavour to bring about your marriage with Lorenza.

Alph. I ſhou'd be happy indeed, to be bleſt with my Lorenza!

GLEE------*Ferdinando, Alphonzo,* and *Victoria.*

Auſpicious powers approving,
Reward true love in me,

No greater bliſs than loving
When thus belov'd by thee.
No, no.
No while thus belov'd by thee.

SCENE. *A View of the Caſtle.*

Enter Spado.

Spa. I am in love with this caſtle, I've got my comrades out of it at laſt. Ramirez and Sanguino are gone back to the cave, in high hopes that I will let them in to-morrow night: well----I'll keep my word with them, they ſhall be welcom'd with a ſtrong guard. Old Don Juan is arriv'd I hear ---can any thing be made of him I wonder----I've got a portmanteau, ſome caſh and ſome plate.------ I don't know how it is, but there is not half the buſtle in the caſtle I expected.---I promis'd myſelf there would be a fine confuſion---then is the time I pick up the looſe things. I'm inform'd this Don Juan is very paſſionate---Egad if I could contrive to ſet him and Don Scipio together by the ears---- O I have it----I'll try however---here is the old gentleman coming. (*Exit.*

Enter Don Juan, *with attendants.*

Juan. I ſuppoſe I ſhall ſurprize my ſon Don Ferdinando and Don Scipio too---tell them I am here---I hope I'm time enough for the wedding.

Enter Spado.

Spa. A mighty grave looking old gentleman!
Juan. Whoſe dog are you?
Spa. How do you do, Sir?

Juan. Why are you a phyſician?

Spa. No, Sir, I am poor Spado.

Juan. Then what is it to you how I do; where is your maſter? what the devil is this his hoſpitality when he hears I'm here.

Spa. Hears! O poor gentleman----- his misfortune!

Juan. Is he married?

Spa. Married! no, Sir.

Juan. Is he in his ſenſes?

Spa. He has nearly loſt one.

Juan. I wou'd ſpeak to him?

Spa. You muſt ſpeak very loud then.

Juan. Is he deaf?

Spa. Aye, poor old gentleman, he can ſcarce hear one word.

Juan. Poor old fellow!

Spa. Now if I can but ſet the two old ones together----I ſhall have a quarrel between them.

Enter Don Scipio.

Scip. I hope he has not heard of his ſon's pranks.

Spad. (*Aſide.*) No, his hearing is ſo bad, I have been bellowing to him this half hour, he can ſcarce hear one word; you may try what you can do, but you muſt bellow like a ſpeaking trumpet.

Scip. Bellow! ha! Don Juan, you are very welcome to my houſe.

Juan. (*Aſide.*) It is very ſtrange that deaf men always ſpeak ſo loud! I'm very glad to ſee you, Don Scipio.

Scip. When they are deaf themſelves, they fancy every body elſe is ſo too. How long have you been in this way?

Juan. Juſt arriv'd.

Scip. I mean at your hearing?

Juan. Yes, I find it's very bad with you; Zounds! I ſhall roar myſelf as hoarſe as a raven.

Scip. You are welcome to my houſe.-------- (*Aſide.*) But I wiſh you had ſtaid at home; I find I muſt ſpeak to him by ſigns, my lungs won't hold out. (*Makes ſigns.*

Juan. What the devil! have you loſt your tongue too?

Enter Servant.

Scip. You may ſpeak out, nobody can hear you but me.

Juan. What, is this curs'd old fellow your maſter going to be married?

Serv. Sir, Don Ferdinando wants to ſpeak with you.

Scip. I wiſh he would come and ſpeak to his blockhead of a father.---Don Juan, you'll ſoon ſee your ſon as great an aſs as yourſelf.

Juan. Zounds! you are not deaf; you old raſcal you'll find me a very tyger---you old--------

Enter Ferdinando *and* Victoria.

Ferd. What, my father!

Scip. What do you do with this fellow?

Vict. He is my huſband.

Scip. What! that raſcal?

Juan. What means all this? do you call my ſon a raſcal?

Scip. Nobody is ſpeaking of your ſon.

Juan. He has honour'd your family, you crack-brain'd old fellow.

Scip. A footman honour my family!

Juan. What do you mean by that, you ſuper-annuated old fool?

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What is all this about? is this really Don Ferdinando?

Juan. Do you think I don't know my own ſon?

Scip. Do you ſay ſo, Don Juan.

Juan. To be ſure I do.

Scip. You have done a fine thing then!

Ferd. Madam, yours was the contrivance, which Love has counteracted, in juſtice to this injur'd lady.

Iſab. O, that villain, Spado.

Juan. That was the villain who told me you was deaf.

Scip. The very ſame who told me you had loſt your hearing.

Ferd. And he told me you had loſt your ſenſes, Don Scipio.

Iſab. And led me into this unlucky error.

Juan. Zounds! what a lying ſcoundrel!

Enter Spado.

Spa. (*Aſide.*) I wonder how my work goes on. (*To Don Juan.*) I give you joy, Sir.

Juan. Yes, and I'll give you ſorrow, you damn'd raſcal.

Scip. I'll have you hang'd, you dog you.

Spa. O, that will be the death of me, Sir.

Enter Pedrillo *leading* Lorenza.

Ped. Come along, my cara ſpoſa. (*Aſide.*) Aye, my old maſter! I muſt brazen it out.

Juan. You raſcal you, a piſtol for you! I'll thraſh you.

Ped. I'm going to be married to an heireſs; ſo I muſt not be beat to a mummy.

(*Going up to Ferdinando.*

Ferd. Stay where you are; I don't want you.

Enter. Alphonzo.

Ferd. (*To Lorenza.*) I underſtand, Don Alphonzo has been honoured with your partiality: I ſuppoſe you will have no objection to give him your hand.

Lor. I bluſh to ſee him.

Alph. My deareſt Lorenza!

Ped. Egad, my buſineſs goes on prettily between you.

Scip. You ſee, Don Juan, how this buſineſs is.

Juan. Aye, and very ſhameful it is.

Scip. Well, I give my bleſſing to them.

Ferd. But what will make amends for your intended breach of contract with me?

Scip. Did not I tell you I was in love?

Juan. Nothing can atone for your intention to introduce your Italian frippery into my family.

Scip. How ſhall I get out of this? I will revenge it all upon this raſcal, Spado. Here, a brace of alguazils and handcuffs for him.

Spa. For me! I'm the beſt friend you ever had in the world.

Scip. How? prove it.

Spad. Was not you going to marry that lady?

Scip. Yes.

Spa. You had better not. She and I happen to be old acquaintance.

Iſab. What, more lies! and do you believe him?

Spa. Don't you know I liv'd with a certain captain that ſtole off with the lady to Italy?

Iſab. Oh Don Scipio, I will find the means to ſilence that wretch, and you will feel the effects of it.

(*Exit.*

Spad. I think Sir, I've prov'd a friend to you.

Scip. Aye, but that ſhan't ſave your neck.

Spa. I think I have ſaved your honour and your throat too.

Scip. Aye, how did you do that?

Spad. There were two of the banditti in the caſtle this morning, and I got them out.

Scip. How?

Spad. Why I told them they might come and cut your throat to-morrow.

Scip. That was very kind of you. I am very much obliged to you.

Spa. And you have time to get a guard ready, and give them a warm reception.

Ferd. And pray, my little buſy friend, what induced you to all this roguery on my account?

Spa. Truly, I would have prevented your marriage with Donna Victoria, in hopes of obtaining a reward from Don Alphonzo.

Scip. You have done no great miſchief, after all your artifices; though I believe you are a ſad dog: but, as you have been the means of bringing things about in the preſent agreeable manner, I forgive you.

Juan. No, let me tell you, Sir, I will have----

(*Half draws.*

Scip. And you ſhall have---a bottle of the beſt wine in all Andaluſia. Here we will have flutes, and hautboys, and every thing elſe to make us happy, and our friends welcome: and we hope our good-natured friends will forget and forgive our defects.

GLEE.----*FINALE.*

Social pow'rs, at pleaſure's call,
Welcome here to Hymen's hall;
Bacchus, Ceres, bleſs the feaſt,
Momus lend the ſprightly jeſt;
Songs of joy elate the ſoul,
Hebe fill the flowing bowl.
Ev'ry pure and chaſte delight
Crown with love this happy night.

FINIS.

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